DADDY LONGLEGS.

black beads and excellent jaws, and

change to pupae from August to Sep

tember. They are furnished wit

work their way to the surface of the

ground, and when their emerging time

comes thousands of empty cases may

be seen sticking half out of the earth

The tongue is a queer specimen c

the blowdy order, and on each side

CONTRARY CROCKERY.

as Though Bewitched.

Housewives, think twice before scold-

ing your maids. You know crockery

The best tea service will smash it-

last of their line, they linger on through

stress and storm as if bearing a charm-

ed life. Your special set of flowered

jugs will all rush to their fates with

cept one That bangs on its book, crack-

ed, but still alive to mock you with

memory of its fair sisters. Notice, too,

the everyday dinner service with the

dark blue border and the glit edge. It

flourishes like the proverbial bay tree.

But the very first time you bring out

your best set, purchased by painstak-

ing thrift, the soup tureen burtles mad-

ly to the ground, "How dreadfully

careless of you, Mary Anne!" you ex-

claim fretfully. But it isn't the little

But a much more weird and wonder-

ful proof of sorcery at work in crock-

ery occurred the other day. An ordi-

nary china jug suddenly refused to

hold water. It leaked badly. Banish-

ed to the kitchen shelf, it stood for

months. Unexpectedly one day it was

taken down and used by a stranger

and behaved in a perfectly exemplary

manner. Explain it by anything else

than witchcraft if you can.-London

Partial Eclipse of the Honeymoon

In early American households mater-

nal authority was not lightly to be de-

fied. When Charlotte Fenwick, a

southern beauty of the Revolutionary

period, was fifteen years old she took

advantage of the absence of her moth-

er in England to fall in love with a

Pierce, and to marry him. On Mrs.

ton, she was highly indignant to find

her daughter married to a stranger.

"Go to your room, madam,"

The "Tawdry Saint."

St. Ethelreda has been unfortunate,

Mr. Nubride-Why do you do all your

shopping at this store? Mrs. Nubride

-It's the grandest place I ever found.

They sell all their goods by the foot

instead of by the yard, and the price

is only a third as much -Philadelphia

There is no finer chemistry than

that by which the element of suffering

is so compounded with spiritual forces

that it issues to the world in gentle-

ness and strength. - George S. Merriam.

Extreme.

my bair, Celeste? Celeste Ont, mees.

Miss Fewlox-Then turn my fiance's

photograph to the wall and begin-

The Natural One.

"Do you know of may good remedy

Miss Fewlox-Are you ready to dress

inasmuch as her memory is perpetu-

Pierce haughtily replied

stay the rest of the day!"

Youth's Companion.

London Chronicle.

Builetin.

Chicago News.

for a deadlock 2001

"I should suggest a key uation."-Baltimore American

maid at all. It's witchcraft.

Ladies' World.

self to a cup and saucer. Then, the

cushion.-Detroit Free Press.

among the grass.

tably this is so.

spiny rings, which enable them

A Wrong Is Righted by Means

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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When my law partner, Jack Rogers, returned from lunch I was agog with

"Guess what has happened, Jack," I crowed.

"No need to guess. Something in the detective line has turned up. grinned my partner as he tossed his hat on its accustomed peg and sat

down in his chair. "How did you find out?" I asked, chagrined

"You always look especially foxy old man, and nothing, not even a dead client, with prospects of rich pickings from the"-"Oh, keep still!" I growled. "You

talk like a bird of prey." "I am-we are birds of prey. This detective side line of yours, Hal, or hobby, or whatever you call it, will run us out of our legitimate course of business if you don't slacken up a bit. "Have you any important case on

your mind?" I asked sardonically. Rogers felt tentatively of his head. "Nothing doing, I must confess, Hal. I know there's something on your mind. There's a look about you that saya we must catch the two-somefor somewhere and it's 1:45 now." He glanced at his watch.

"The train leaves at 2:03. I'll tell you about it on the way up." After we were comfortably seated in the smoker of the train and were headed up the bank of the Hudson river I deemed it expedient to un bosom myself lest in the telling of the story we might reach our destination before I had completed it.

That noon while I sat alone in the office I had received a call from

She was a little old woman, shar featured and white haired, with hard cold blue eyes and a thin lipped mouth that seemed made for secrets. She was garbed in shabby black and carried a rusty satchel filled to bursting

that she watched carefully. I learned that her name was Sarah Penny and that she hved on a small farm near Poughkeepsie. She said she was a widow and, besides owning her farm, possessed a tiny income on which she lived. She also said that for two weeks past she had been haunted by a spectral farm that seemed to adjoin her own. She related that night after night when the moon was high in the heavens she had seen low lying farm buildings where in broad daylight nothing appeared but a grassy meadow dotted with ancient fruit trees. On dark nights the visitation appeared as a luminous glowing out-

Mrs. Penny's old face seemed to become more wrinkled and careworn as she imparted these facts to me and when she had concluded, saying that she had visited me with the intention of making her will and had suddenly determined to confide her fears of the "spook farm," as she called it, hoping I might be able to explain away this

horror in her solitary life. look the situation in the face, and declared my intention of bringing my partner with me. So now that we were on the way I related all these facts to Jack Rogers, and together we tried to piece out some fabric of logical

explanation of the phenomenon. "Derry!" yelled the brakeman, throwing open the door, and as that was the nearest station to the spook farm we got off and watched the train wind out of sight among the hills. A station agent was puttering around a couple of empty egg crates, and I approached

"Which road shall I take to reach Mrs. Pennsy's farm?" I inquired. "One to the right," and he disappeared quickly, as if fearful of further cate-

doubled back again, and this performance it repeated over and over until Jack announced that he felt as twisted as a spiral bed spring.

"I don't wonder your old lady sees things," he complained as he rounded another turn. "I feel all wound up which was owned by a German family.

just fike a clock." "I guess you can run down now," growth along the road thinned, and weather beaten house just beyond.

met a boy with an empty pall and ber- penniless. They had gone forth, helpry stained lips.

The boy turned a grimy little finger and she had had a long time in which toward the weatherbeaten house. "In to repent of her crime. there," he half whispered.

carelessly displaying a silver quarter. | ried proper legal papers conveying the The boy nodded. "I'm afraid of her." spook farm property, as well as the he said with more spirit. "She's a home of Mrs. Penny, to the heirs of miser; that's what my mother says." | the German Farmer, Pritz Steber. And ny?" I asked him as he clutched the sil- time his children were found and their

"Nobody lives there. It's all grass Penny, who possessed a comfortable and apple trees. The house burned fortune through her miserly habits, down before t was born." And he went west and was heard of no more. scampered away and disappeared in I never knew what became of the the wooded road.

"Huh?" ejaculated my partner. And in silence we approached the home of

Mrs. Sarah Penny. The shutters were all closed, and the place appeared deserted. The ground was quite dat here and a wide creek meandered through the rank grass back of the house, and the adjacent low lying ground appeared damp and

"Nice, malarious spot," I remarked as we walked around a weed grown

path to the back door, "Might raise a good crop of spooks here," said Jack, pausing and looking over toward the adjacent property. "The kid was right; there must have been a farmhouse there one day. See the sunken rectangles of turf where the buildings once stood? You can even get an idea of how the yard must have looked in those days. There's a snowball bush and a clump of lilacs and other flowering shrubs, and those apple

trees in the background must be the remains of the orchard." I followed the direction of his point ing finger and saw that he spoke the truth. We were speculating upon the location of the different buildings when heard a slight sound and, turning, saw Mrs. Penny peering sharply from

a kitchen window, "Here we are, Mrs. Penny," I said cheerfully, introducing my partner. "Mr. Rogers and I propose to sit up tonight and lay all these spooks of

She fingered her spectacles rather nervously and then removed them and rapped the table smartly with them, eyeing me keenly.

of its entire surface is a thick, fleshy "This is no joke, young man," she said gravely. "Indeed, madam," I replied warmly, "we do not consider if as such.

spoke lightly because I wanted to allay Dishes Do Play Queer Pranks at Times, your fears." "Your own fears may need quieting

after you have seen them. "People, you mean?" asked Jack. "They were once," she answered

"You mean you have really seen "Yes; the whole family. They're all

dead now." "You can recognize them from your window?" he asked incredulously.

She nodded an affirmative and then sat in moody silence while Jack and I conferred together. The result of this interview was that my partner and I wandered about the spook ridden field next door until Mrs. Penny summoned us to supper. We ate without referring to the object of our visit. In fact a great depression seemed to have settled upon the three of us. The air was heavy and damp, but the sun set brilliantly, and in the east a splendid full moon was rising.

"You can sit in the side perch you want to," said Sarah Penny. shall be in the sitting room here waiting for it to come."

Jack and I both shuddered as she departed. We whispered to each other and marveled that any sensible ghost would care to return to such a gloomy, God forsaken spot as this. We lighted eigars and tried not to admit that an eerie sensation was creeping over us when Mrs. Penny's shrill old voice broke excitedly on the air.

"They are here—it has come!" We lifted reluctant eyes and gazed upon the spook farm. There was a fascination about the weird scene that

drew us to the dividing fence. There had arisen before our unbe lieving eyes white misty buildingsfarmhouse with adjacent wings, dairy barns-and here and there were forms of people, white wraiths with beckoning arms. It was a windless night, and the moon shone brightly.

Sarah Penny's voice again broke the stillness, this time hoarse with fear She was at my elbow. "Do you see t?" she whispered.

"Yes," I answered, "but"-"Does he see it too?"

"Then it is so?" she moaned. And saw that she was holding her black bag under her arm. "I must give up the papers, and perhaps they will go

There was an instant of intense silence, and then I turned my back on

the spook farm and said quickly: "Yes, you must give up the papers, Mrs. Penny, and right the wrong. You had better move away," I advised, leading her into the house, quite

"Yes, I will go away. I have a siscome. I can sell this place-and-here are the deeds. I executed them years ago, but I hated to part with then I have so little money!" she wailed

pitifully, opening her black bag. Little by little I wormed a confession out of her of how she had held a mortgage on the farm next door, She had coveted the land, but the farmer had been industrious and paid said, for just then the trees and dense his interest promptly. Then one night, sorely tempted, she had set fire to the we could see the gray shingles of a buildings, and when they lay a heap of ashes on the ground she took the Before we reached the house, which land for the amount of the mortgage, stood in a grove of gloomy cedars, we and the Germans were homeless and ed by charity, to make a new start, "Son," said my partner kindly. "can and she had heard from some source you tell us where the Widow Penny that each one had died years ago. All this had happened fifty years before,

The next morning when Jack and "Do you know her?" pursued Jack went down on the early train we car-"Who fives next door to Mrs Pen I may add here that in due course of inheritance restored to them. Mrs. spook farm after that

PERPETUAL MOTION IDEAS.

Efforts of Inventors Who Strain After

Thirty Different Tribes, of Which Only the Unattainable. Three Harm Vegetation. Perpetual motion, like the philoso Probably no insect is treated by the pher's stone. Is one of those things regordinary observer with less respect ularly sought after. Years ago it was than daddy longlegs, and his good proved that the idea was absurd, and natured readiness to leave various legs only a week or so ago another inventor as souvenirs with those who bandle came forward with a new perpetual him adds nothing to his personal dig nity por his good standing in society. motion notion.

His short snatches of flight across Some of these perpetual motion ma chines are certainly extremely ingenthe grass are not remarkable for grace. tous. One man thought he had discovand he possesses neither the personal ered a way to run omnibuses by themattractions of the butterfly, the terrific selves. He had cylinders of water aspect of the spider nor the glaring placed just above the axles, and on imperfections of the blue bottle. Daddy longlegs figure is rather these cylinders was supported the whole weight of the bus and passenmore blunt and corpulent than that of gers. Pipes led from this water to madam his wife, and among his thir-

ty different tribes only three do serithe back of the bus, curved round and ous damage to beets, cabbages, pots ended in the back board of the bus toes, lawns and grass lands. The fe-The more passengers there were the males are said to lay their eggs as greater the pressure on the cylinders they fly and are sometimes literally of water and the faster the flow of stuffed full, carrying as many as 300 the water to the back of the bus. The at a time, a fact which ought to cause faster, too, will the bus rush forward! Topknot to blush for shame, with her At least, so said the inventor, who acboastful cackle and one egg a day tually took out a patent for his idea. Needless to say, no such buses are The larvae are footless things, with

with parrow shelves instead of spokes. On each shelf was a lead ball, and the inventor claimed that once the wheel was started the balls on the falling side kept running toward the circumference and so outweighed those on the rising side, which ran toward the center. Once started the wheel should keep on forever. Unfortunately it always stopped after a few turns,-Pearson's Weekly.

BIRDS' NEST SOUP.

Getting the Material and Preparing It For the Feast.

Uninitiated people are apt to think of birds' pest soup as a most disgust is often said to be bewitched, and veri- ing stew of twigs, feathers and what used by the Chinese is a very delicate. semitransparent, gelantinous substance built by the swallow-like birds known as the salangane. The nests are found in the islands about Siam and the Malay archipelago, and the harvest in a year will be about 18,000 pounds. valued at over \$100,000. It used to be thought that the nest was formed of inspissated saliva secreted by the highir developed glands of the bird. Now it is known that the nest is made of a

species of alga gathered by the bird. The season for harvesting the nests lasts from April until September. It takes three months to build the first nest, and just before the eggs are laid the nest is stolen by the collector. The bird immediately sets about the build ing of a second nest, taking thirty days for the work. This is also stolen before the eggs are laid. The third nest, however, is unmolested, and the birds are permitted to raise their young. after which the nest is taken and sold In preparing birds' nest soup the nest is washed in cold water and then cook. ed for eight hours in a closed vessel, after which it is mixed with chicken broth, seasoned and boiled for a quarter of an hour. Occidentals who have tried the soup find it palatable and much resembling chicken soup.-Chi-

cago News. Wooden Ammunition. Some years ago civil war was raging between two Afghan tribes, the Ali Khel and the Mala Khel. The latter tribe built great hopes of success on a cannon of such a size that 160 men were required to draw it. A Sikh trained in a British battery was en northerner, Major William Leigh gaged to work the gun on the understanding that he received 20 rupees Fenwick's return to Savannah, which every time he hit the village fort of had been hastened by news of the apthe foe. This did not prove remuner. proach of the English army to Charlesative, for, according to an eyewitness, the ammunition consisted of "olive wood balls bound with iron bands. "And who is this Major Pierce?" she which have a highly eccentric flight and are calculated to do about equal "A gentleman, madam!" young Mrs. damage to friend and foe." After a three days' bombardment, in which the fort was hit only three times, the manded Mrs. Fenwick severely, "and hostilities came to an end.-London And the little bride meekly obeyed,-

Standard. A Surprise For Her. He returned to the automobile in triumph, bearing a big pitcher of sweet milk and two glasses, says the Cleveated in the disagreeable adjective land Leader. It was more than the "tawdry," and she is sometimes even party was able to consume. When be referred to as the "tawdry saint." In returned the glassware and asked for the Isle of Ely, where she died, a fair his bill the good woman who seemed was formerly held in her honor, at to boss the place said, "Oh, bout a which a peculiar kind of cheap but nickel will be enough, a reckon." But showy lace was sold, which, as St. the urbanite figured that a quarter was Ethelreda's or St. Audrey's lace soon | much more became proverbial and tawdry, an service and produced the coin in evieasy corruption of the saint's abbre dence of his sentiment. The woman viated name, was used to denote all took it, not without some hesitancy. things more gaudy than valuable.— "Land sakes!" she exclaimed. "Did It taste that good?"

Putting It Mildly. "That man seems to be proud of his stupidity." said the impetuous per

"I wouldn't put it that way," re piled the conservative friend. "I'd merely suggest that when it comes to a thirst for wisdom he's a prohibitionist."-Baltimore American.

Why Point It Out? At the art museum the sign "Hands Off" was conspicuously displayed before the statue of Venus de Milo. A small child looked from the sign to

the statue. "Anybody could see that," she said dryly.-Ladles' Home Journal.

Give and Take. Howell-Does be take things philo sophically? Powelt-Yes, but be doesn't part with them philosophically.-Woman's Home Companion.

True merit is like a river-the deep

BARREN WINTER WITH HIS NIPPING COLD

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